HELLER (cont'd)
She walks in, everyone's dead. Makes the emergency call at 7.32. Stays on the line until the services arrive. Which gives her two minutes to kill mom, dad and Spuds McKenzie, fake a gunshot wound to the head, lose the weapon and all physical evidence, dial 911. There's not enough time.

LUTHER
There's not enough anything. Absence is the point. It's her way of saying "look at me".

HELLER
So where is the gun? It's got to be somewhere. Everything's somewhere.

LUTHER
I don't know.

HELLER
Say that again. That was a special moment and it passed so quickly.

LUTHER
I don't know.

Out on Luther. Considering Alice.

INT. SSCU - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Luther enters awkwardly, carrying two mugs. He passes one to Alice. She sips.

LUTHER
Your chair okay? Comfortable?

ALICE
It's fine, thank you

LUTHER
Because sometimes we like to shorten one of the legs. It means a suspect can't get comfortable, can't relax. They're always unbalanced. Too hot?

Eye contact. Alice noting the implied shift in her status.

ALICE
Really. I'm fine.

A connection between them. A knowledge. Almost flirtatious.

Luther glances at his notes.
LUTHER
I see you got your Ph.D. at eighteen -- astrophysics, was it?

ALICE
"Dark Matter Distribution in Disc Galaxies."

LUTHER
Dark Matter. That's the stuff that -- makes up the universe. Except we can't see it. It doesn't interact with the stuff we know about in the way we'd expect.

ALICE
No, but its presence can be inferred from gravitational effects on visible matter. We know it's there. We just can't see it. Would many police officers be able to gain my trust by having this conversation?

LUTHER
Well, I just like to read books.

ALICE
It beats burning them.

LUTHER
You, though -- you're the one who's practically a genius.

ALICE
Practically?

She raises a feline eyebrow.

Luther grins -- satisfied and predatory. Two people -- sizing each other up. Knowing each other for what they are... and liking each other.

LUTHER
So you went to the Sorbonne at --?

ALICE
Thirteen.

LUTHER
Wow. That's young. That's very young. I mean, it's bad enough, just being the smart one in the family; these kids, prodigies, they have it really tough. They're not one thing, they're not another. Freaks, really.

(beat)
I expect your parents were proud, though.
ALICE
Very. When I was nine, I proved tan-IX
(tangent minus one -x). I didn’t know
at the time that James Gregory got
there three hundred years before me.
But still. They bought me a dress. Got
me on the news.

LUTHER
Still. What must it have been like?
You’re thirteen, your classmates are —
what? — twenty, twenty-two? No friends
your own age. No boyfriends.

ALICE
That’s quite a presumption. Actually,
I matured very early. Sexually.

He meets that challenge with unwavering eye.

LUTHER
I guess you’re familiar with Ockham’s
Razor?

ALICE
“All things being equal, the simplest
solution is the best solution.”

LUTHER
And what that principle tells me is,
the only other person we know to have
been in your parents’ house this
morning — well, it was you.

ALICE
I don’t see how it’s possible to
arrive at that conclusion.

LUTHER
There’s no evidence of an intruder.

ALICE
But absence of evidence isn’t evidence
of absence.

LUTHER
Okay, fine. I’m making a leap — but
it’s a tiny leap. More of a hop,
really. A skip.

She gives him a celestial smile.

ALICE
Is this where you ask if I hated my
parents?

LUTHER
It’s about that time, yeah.
ALICE
Did they make me a freak? Yes. Did I hate them? Absolutely. Did I kill them? No.

LUTHER
Can you prove that?

ALICE
I can’t prove a negative. It can’t be done.

LUTHER
Well, innocence is a negative. It’s the absence of guilt.

ALICE
Meaning the burden of proof is entirely yours. If you think I did this, then you need to demonstrate how and when.

He sits back. Gazing at her in frank admiration.

LUTHER
And I won’t be able to do that, will I?

ALICE
Well, you can certainly try.

LUTHER
Because there’s nothing. You don’t interact with the stuff we know about in the way we’d expect. Your presence, your actions, they can only be inferred by - a certain absence.

ALICE
Is that a compliment?

LUTHER
Absolutely. And honestly, it’s well deserved. I applaud you.

ALICE
I hope you’re not trying to beguile me.

LUTHER
I wouldn’t be so silly. But here’s the thing, Alice. Right now, you can revel in your cleverness. But people slip up. Every single time. No matter how brilliant they may be -
ALICE
Well, that's just faulty logic
postulated on imperfect data
collection. What if you only catch
people who make mistakes? That would
skew the figures, wouldn't it?

LUTHER
Wouldn't it just. But really, that's
the thing. Most criminals, they're
just not as clever as they think they
are.

ALICE
Well. That must get monotonous. For
someone as brilliant as you.

They share a knowing smile.

Then Luther stands. Picks up his paperwork. Exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRU - HELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luther and Heller.

HELLER
So what am I supposed to charge her
with? Being a space oddity?

LUTHER
Killing them!

HELLER
We've got no evidence, no motive.

LUTHER
She hated her parents.

HELLER
Seriously, who doesn't? There's no
forensics, no witnesses. Timeline
alone gets it laughed out by the DA.

LUTHER
You saw her! It excites her, that we
know she did this.

HELLER
So bring me something of substance;
find me the murder weapon, put it in
her hand. Until then - cut her loose.
LUTHER steps back. Away from her couch.

LUTHER
I'm coming for you, Alice.

ALICE
Not if I come for you first.

And with that, he leaves. Alice watching.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD AND VARGAS - RECEPTION - DAY

Luther emerges from the elevator, strides through reception.

RECEPTIONIST
Excuse me - sir?

LUTHER
(badges her)
Police.

STAFF watch as he strides to Zoe's office - through the door

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY

- to find Zoe with SEVERAL SENIOR PARTNERS; all of whom look up in alarm as Luther bursts in, clapping his hands.

LUTHER
Morning! Everybody out!

ZOE
John -

LUTHER
Everybody OUT! Raus! Raus!

Reluctantly, the SENIOR PARTNERS stand - exchanging glances as Luther herds them from the room like geese.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Dépêchez-vous! Skynd dig! Isoge!

ZOE
He's joking. This is his sense of humour. Everybody, this is my husband. John. He's a -

Luther slams the door behind them.

ZOE (cont'd)
- cop.
  (then)
  Way to get me fired.
LUTHER
Do I embarrass you?

ZOE
Right now? As of this moment?
Absolutely. Yes. You’re embarrassing me. I’m embarrassed.

LUTHER
Is that what this is all about?

ZOE
No.

LUTHER
Then what? Did I get boring? Because men do get boring. We can’t help it. We take up hobbies. We golf.

ZOE
You’re not boring. You’re the opposite of boring.

LUTHER
So – he’s boring? Whatever his name is.

ZOE
Marcus.

LUTHER
I don’t want to know his name. Why would I want to know his name?
(then)
So – does a woman reach a stage in life when she wants her partner to be boring? Because I have to tell you; nobody advised me of this.

ZOE
He’s not boring.

LUTHER
Is the sex good?

A sudden BANG! at the door. Outside, THREE SECURITY GUARDS have arrived. They take turns to shoulder-barge the door.

ZOE
John, not everything has a motive. Sometimes things just - happen.

LUTHER
Nothing just happens. There are laws. Physical laws, I mean, not -

ZOE
It’s not about the sex.
LUThER
Of course it's about the sex. You enjoy sex with him. You must. And the pictures of that just go round and round my head like a train.

ZOE
The train in your head never stops - which actually is the problem, right there.

A silence.

ZOE (cont’d)
When he's with me, he's actually with me.

That hits home. He stares at her.

BANG! on the door.

ZOE (cont’d)
Listen, why are you here? Really? What did you think would happen?

LUThER
I just - I thought - y'know - that you might want to come home and be married to me.

ZOE
Some men bring flowers.

LUThER
This was a grand gesture.

ZOE
Next time, think flowers.

LUThER
Next time?

ZOE
You know what I mean.

Before he can answer, the door BREAKS OPEN and SECURITY GUARDS spill in. Luther backs away, badging them.

LUThER
Police! Police!

INT. FORD AND VARGAS - ELEVATOR - DAY

Luther with security guards flanking him. An awkward silence.

CUT TO: